RATIONAL DRESS.

OR WHAT LADY HARBERTON AND MRS. PFEIFFER THINK SUCH.

(FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.) LONDON, February 4.

A lecture for ladies only, said the advertisement of the meeting; subject, rational dress for women; lecturer, Lady Harberton, whose name it is desira-ble to spell correctly. The exclusion of men may imply that their dress is already rational; or, perhaps that the women think they themselves are more likely to be rational when no men are about. The woman who spoke up just then and said men were masty things, and that they had nothing to do with gowns and fashions, was too hasty. She is quick; all women are; but she was not quick enough to answer the question. Why then were the speeches reported in the daily papers ! Men read the daily papers, and as for men having nothing to do with such matters as dress, I may quote a fragment of dialogue from Dumas's new play

Stanislas .-- Alors, si les hommes vous sont indifférents, pourquei avez vous une robe comme celle-là?
Franciae.-Qu' est-ce qu' il y a de mal dans ma robe!

S'asislas. - Il n' y a rien de mal dans vôtré robe,
il l'en juge par ce qu' il y a de bien dehors.

This fragment was not, I think, cited at Lady Harberton's meeting. The cut would have been too deep, and the critic who practises his surgery on a woman must ase his knife gently. The report of what was said at the Westminster Town Hall is interesting, sometimes piquant. The report of what was worn is neither. It is the old story. Here is Lady Harberton who, for I know not how many years, has harangued the Universe on this matter of rational dress. She has, to the best of her ability, practised what she preached, yet she has set got beyond what is called the divided garment; a garment whose division, declares the reporter, was not apparent until intentionally revealed by the wearer." The phrase is vague. How was it rerealed? Did Lady Harberton stride up and down the platform? Did she-but no, I will not multiply questions. It has been my privilege to meet this excellent lady. I saw her some years ago in a draw ing-room. Her stature attracts attention, and when I asked who she was I was told, and was seked if I saw anything remarkable in her dress. I could not, but I was made to understand that she then had on the divided garment which she vainly commends to the general British female for adoption and use. It was not revealed, intentionally or otherwise, by the wearer on that occasion.

There were, it seems, other practical illustrations of rational dress reform on Lady Harberton's platform. One lady were a girl's dress suited to the gymnasium as well as to country walks and the routine of daily life. "Its utility," remarks the reporter—the reporter must of course have been a lady only-" its utility was apparent to the audience, but it made no attempt at beauty." Did the wearer, I wonder ! There is a perverse fate which or who) attends upon these experiments, and the odds are heavy that the wearer of this girl's dress suited to the gymnasium and to the routine of daily life, was short and stout. But what can a co tume with this double adaptability be? We have an idea what a gymnasium dress for gitle is. It is expressed when worn by men by the words knickerbookers and tunic. I once knew a celebrated beauty who told me that during her girlhood and even till she was seventeen or perhaps eighteen years of age, she wore nothing else. She lived with her brothers and lived their life, rowing, swimming riding. 1 never dared ask how she rode. But this beauty, smancipated though she was from some conventional prejudices, never went so far as to say that she thought her knickerbockers and tunic were suited to the routine of daily life in London.

Another lady, Mrs. Pfeiffer (you have heard of Mrs. Pfeister) wore-in the opinion of the female reporter-a very graceful modification of the Greek dress. So did the merreilleuses; in their opinion Theirs was a divided garment, with a vengeance. The division began at the side of the hip and continued to the floor. A third was attired in the ordinary costume of the Chinese woman. Whether the reporter thought this graceful or not, she omits to tell us, nor is anything said about the size of this Angio-Chinawoman's feet. On the whole, it does not seem that the men who were excluded from this exhibition need very much regret it. If they care for eccentricities of costume, they car gratify that taste by a visit to the Savoy Theatre, where it has pleased Mr. Gilbert to array his chorns of bridesmaids in such garmer ts as were worn in England about the beginning of the present century. Something may be said in favor of almost any style, but who, save Mr. Gilbert and perhaps Mr. Boughton, really thinks a woman looks her best with her waist between her shoulder blades?

The blame for the defects of women's dress belongs, in Lady Harberton's opinion, to men. They are the authors of all female woes. The doctors are no better than the dressmakers, and the garments of hospital nurses are as sternly condemned by her as the fashionable frocks devised by the great Worth. Things are bad now and have never been any better. There have been changes in small details, but no real progress. As for her own divided garment, Lady Harberton, modestly but with singular taste in metaphors, described it as simply a scaffolding on which she hoped others would build. Sue scolded the doctor who said a woman's waist was round. The true shape, in the opinion of this reformer, is an ellipse. Be the true shape or the actual shape what it may, the female waist ought not to be made to support a mass of dry goods: no, not even with the hips to help. On this point her ladyship is clear. Perhaps the remark has been heard before. Nor ought the hips " to b compressed by ciothing." The effect is to shorten the step, and the effect of shortening a woman's that "double the distance is walked over the same ground." Here I suspected an error in the text, but on looking into a Peerage I discovered that Lady Harberton was born in Malone House, County Antrim, and I apologize to the reporter for doubting her accuracy. | Nor is it discreet to set limits to what this female orator will allege. She proctained to her audience on Wednesday that women have totally reversed the whole idea of their own body; whereas the larger and more solid portion was the upper, they have arranged that the larger and more solid portion of their attire should physiologists say to this view of the structure of the female frame! Nothing probably, and I shall say nothing, for I cannot venture to suppose that am writing to ladies only. But does Lady Harberton hope to persuade her own sex so to adjust their raiment that their shoulders, let us say, shall be the broadest part of the figure? She, or perhaps it was Mrs. Pfeifler, advised us all to go to the British Museum and look upon the types of female beauty which the Greeks have left. Some of us have been there already, but who has seen the female body treated on this novel theory of this titled dress

Man it must be said though absent in the body were present to the minds of the women in Wes minster Town Hall, and a great deal of the argument for rational dress was drawn from the irration ality of the other sex. Mrs. Pfeiffer thought men understood little of physiology, and only saw beauty in the style associated with what is most at tractive in the women of their time. To a mere man it seems odd he should not be attracted by what is attractive, or be expected to find beauty what is dissociated from the most beautiful creatures he sees. But these views would certainly be set down by Mrs. Pfeifter as prejudices-in fact she does so set them down. Yet in the next breath she asserts that dress should accommodate itself not only to general necessities but to the whim of moment. Well, there are whims and whime, and this proposition seems a wide one. Of Mrs Pfeiffer, however, hopes may be entertained. She advocates reform, but she has not wholly east out man nature-female human nature. Her dress of the future must have fitness to the climate, the wearer, and the work she has to do. To which surely everybody would say amen, and "there should be a certain smartness added through some brick of adjustment or touch of decoration." Many

thanks, Mrs. Pfeifler. The world, after all, is not MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER. to be made uglier than it is, nor women to forego to be made uglier than it is, no.

all their chamring coquetries of costume.

G. W. S.

LEFT TO DIE IN THE SNOW. THOUSANDS OF HEAD OF CATTLE LOST IN

DAKOTA AND WYOMING.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE RAPID CITY, Duk., Feb. 12 .- A journey down the vestern slope of the Black Hills to the plains of Wyoming in winter adds more to a man's information than pleasure. The severity of the weather has been telt proughout the country; but on these western plains, sheltered by the mountains, where rough wintry storms are little expected and no provision is made to resist them, the winter has assumed a grim and terrible aspect. The writer, in company with the manager of a Dakota cattle company which keeps 10,000 head of cattle wintering on the ranges of western Dakota and eastern Wyoming, recently made the journey down the western slope of the Hills to the Wyoming plains to observe how the herds survive the storms of winter without food or shelter.

The valleys of the western Hills, especially the deep and narrow v alley of the Inyon Kaga, are filled to the depth of eight or ten feet with snow. These valleys are rendered passable to the traveller only by the constant coming and going of the long trains of treight wagons. In general a single beaten track constant coming and going of the long trains of freight wagons. In general a single beaten track winds through the narrow valiev and continuous embankments of snow four or five teet high wall in the road. At irregular intervals there are meeting-places whre the snow is beaten down over a space wide enough for two teams to pass wi hout being buried. Along the Inyou Kaga the Hils rise from 300 to 1,000 feet on either side. Here and there along the steep hillsides the hut of a miner of hunter stands in desolate solitude sending up its smoke among the black pine gooves or the snow-covered rocks. Otherwise these valleys are vast solitudes, disturbed only by the noise of the torrents and the rumbling of the trightwagons. The valleys gradually widen and the hills dwindle away and finally merge into one wide waste of drifting stow. Here and there a few blades of withered grass rise above the surface of snow and the of drifting show. Here and there a few blades of withcred grass rise above the surface of snow and the region has an unutterably wild and desolate look. Far as the eve can reach it finds nothing but this Sahara of drifting snow over who, the wind sweeps and howls, save where here and there the smoke is seen curling un from the chimney of a herdsman's hut haif buried in the drifts. On the plain, the snow is found several feet lighter than in the valleys above, averaging from eight to eighteen inches. But the wind blows a hurricane from the north, and the air is filled with blinding clouds of snow. This great plain, buried deep in snow, is perhaps the greatest cattle range of the Northwest, being the summer and winter pasture of hundreds of thousands of eatile.

Long before reaching the principal ranch or headquarters of the company, evidences of the fatal

pasture of bundreds of thousands of cattle.

Long before reaching the principal ranch or headquarters of the company, evidences of the fatal severity of the winter storms were found in the carcasses of cattle hait buried in the snow that hay scattered over the plain. Looking in any direction, a horn, a nose or an upturned leg could be seen projecting above the snow. In a drive of fifty miles along the western skirt of the Hills, there was scarcely a moment when the carcase of an animal was not visible within a few rods of the track. Sometimes ten or a dożen lay in a group on the south side of a knell or in a narrow ravine, where water might oace have run. Many of them have trozen stiff while standing on their feet. Here and there an animal or a group of animals could be seen standing motionless and dead with noses resting in the snow. Troops of hungry covotes come prowilsy down from the Hills to gorge themselves on the trozen carcasses. Many an animal can be seen near the foot of the Hills tanding stiffly on its feet among the drifting snow with great holes form in its sides by these tartishing creatures.

Four days were spent at the ranch or the Daketa Company, and I had an opportunity of more carefully inspecting the winter's havoc among the herds. Three mooths ago more than ten thousand eartle owned by this company were grazing upon this range, all of them fat and healthy. It would take the applishences of a Spanish Inquisition to extort from the owners a contession of their present number. In one ravine, where the cattle used to find water, lay 167 dead, in little more than a mile's distance. Most of them were lying down often four or five piled together, showing that they had stood in groups striving by united effort to resist the deadly power of the freezing blast. Calves from six to eight months old lying by the sides of their mothers were among the commonest sights. At one spot a voung calf by her side standing in attitude to suck. In another ravine eighty-two dead cattle were found heaved together. In

the snow.

It is as yet impossible more than vaguely to guess the amount of loss suffered by the grazers of these Dakota and Wyoming ranges. The owners of the herds are extremely cautions in their statements. A stranger might infer from the talk of the cattle men up in the towns of the Hills that only a few of the poorer and weaker cattle are dying, while the bulk of the herds are standing the winter quite well. Even when standing in these sheltered ravines with hundreds of dead cattle lying around, the drovers "pooh pooh" it off with assurances that this is "an extraordinary scene," that "a large number of weak, thin cattle gathered together here and died off while the general herd are rustling about little hurt." But after visiting half a dozen of these ravines and finding in all of them strikingly similar scenes and nowhere anything different, the suspicion naturally arises that this is perhaps a fair representation of the general condition of the cattle on these great ranges. That thousands have already perished is unquestionable. That thousands more will perish before spring is next to inevitable.

There is not the slightest winter provision made for these vast herds. A man may own ten thousands he snow. It is as yet impossible more than vaguely

revitable.

There is not the slightest winter provision made for There is not the slightest winter provision made for these vast herds. A man may own ten thousand head and have not a bushel of corn, not a ton of hay, or a single shed for shelter. It is not the intense cold or the piercing wind that is dreaded, but the heavy snowfall. So long as it continued dry there is no fear of winter. Nature furnishes unmown hay in abundance and while the weather is dry the cattle live almost as well on these plains as in the barns of New-England or among the corn fields of Illinois and Iowa. But when the dreaded snow comes and buries the scanding hay crop, there is nothing for the cattle but starvation and freezing.

The great gracers of these ranges laugh at an eastern man's prosale suggestions of methods for the prevention of this extravagant loss. They laugh at the iden of providing hay for 10,000 cattle or building shelter to protect such herds. A severe winter is said to be an exception so rare that it would never par to make provision for it. But this is a species of philosophy not easil, digested after a week spent in riding over the ranges and seeing the thousands of cattle lying dead among the dritting snow.

MR. MARTIN'S MISTAKE.

From the Washington Critic.

Some time ago, Mr. G. Martin was called over to Philadelphis to attend the Iuneral of a young man whom he had known very well. Mr. Martin reached the city somewhat late, and taking a carriage, he hurried away. When he reached the street where the dead man had lived, a tuneral procession was just turning out of it, and thanking his stars that he had not reached the place too late, he told the driver to fall into the line of carriages and tollow. At the cemetery he got out, and although he did not see any one he knew, he telt it to be his duty to talk to some one about the deceased, so he approached a nicelooking old gentlemen.

"He was a good fellow," he said, sadly, with a slight nod toward the grave.

"Yes," replied the old gentleman, wiping away a tear, and him like a better, and many's the time

"Yes," replied the oid gentleman, wiping away a tear.

"I loved him like a brother, and many's the time we've had together," continued Mr. M.

The old gentleman looked at him indignantly.

"Oh," apologized Mr. M, "I don't mean painting the town red, or anything like that, but just nice little chats and long walks, don't you know."

The old man's face grew redder.

"What do you mean, sir" he said ansrily.

"I mean what I say, sir. He was a rattling good fellow," and Mr. M. began to look surprised.

"Who sir!"

llow," and Mr. M. began to took surprised.
" Who, sir ?"
" The man in the grave there, of course." There's no man there, sir. It's a young lady,
She's my niece, sir, and you.

But Mr. Martin didn't wait for the particulars; he
saw that he had struck the wrong funeral and he mads

saw that he had struck the wrong funeral and he made a break for his carriage and escaped, but not soon enough to attend the funeral of his friend.

CRITICS.

Arto Botes in The Providence Journal.

I have no more right to have an opinion of the way things are conducted at Harvard than any other outsider, and I have always spoken concerning it with more circums, ection since I heard a New-York gentleman, a graduate of Yale, receive a sharp reproof from one of Boston's silver-haired doctors of divinity. The young man had been ex, ressing his disapproval of Harvard with far more fervor than discretion, when the elergyman said to him quietly:

"Then why do you let the University go on ?"

"Sir !" stammered the New-Yorker, wholly taken aback by this unexpected thrust. "What have I to do with ies going on or not!"

"I beg your pardon," the reverend gentleman returned with elaborate courteay, "but you seemed to me to speak with the authority of one laving things in charge, and I thought if they are as had as you say they'd botter be stopped altogether."

DETAILS CONCERNING HER PREPARATION FOR THE STAGE.

HER NEW-YORK DEBUT TO BE EFFECTED NEXT AUTUMN-TRIBUTES FROM HER EMINENT TEACH-ERS-HER PRIENDSHIP WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES-HER HOME AND HER STUDIES.

LONDON, Feb. 19. -An answer may at last be given to the question so often asked in New-York and London during the year past, whether Mrs. James Brown Potter is going on the stage. This question has at various times been answered, now affirmatively, now negatively, but always conjecturally. I am now at liberty to say on the authority of Mrs. Potter herself, whom I have seen this week in Paris, and with her approval, that she has definitely resolved on adopting the career of a professional actress. Her reasons for this step are matters with which the public ordinarily would have no concern, but Mrs. Potter's position i such that they have already been publicly discussed and are sure to be discussed again. They, or some of them, may as well, therefore, be stated before explaining her preparations and plans for her new career It may be admitted that her husband's family, though not her husband himself, are strongly opposed to her course, and they have taken care that their opposition should be known in New-York and elsewhere. The grounds of it are obvious. An Episcopal family of high social rank must be expected to entertain prejudices against the stage, which nevertheless is as much a profession as the Church itseit. The family is wealthy, but its wealth is unequally distributed, and Mrs. Potter found herself compelled to choose between two alternatives. She might yield to the persuasions of the Potter family, with something like poverty before her as a permanent reward; or she might follow her own inclinations with every prespect of an ample and independent income won by her own exertions.

So much for the worldly point of view. What weighed. I imagine, more strongly with her was her natural and perhaps irresistible bent toward art. She has a love of the drama which may be called passionate. She has long studied the theatre, though without a settled intention of acting. She felt it to be her vocation and thought hie would be empty without it. She has the same feeling for dramatic art that a poet has for poetry. She has postponed her decision out of deference to the Potter family's opposition, but at last she finds nature stronger than the arguments of her husband's relations. Perhaps they may presently see reason to doubt whether personal teelings ought to stand between the public and an artist willing to share her inspirations with the public. It is right to add that her own tamily-her own father and mother and other relatives-entirely approve of her present resolve, and the doors of the American Legation at Paris are as wide open as ever. The American Minister there, Mr. McLane, is Mrs. Potter's cousin. Her final resolve has been taken within the last few

days, but only after full consultation with her fr ends, after much study and experience at home, and after a winter's instruction by some of the best actresses and teachers in Paris. When Mrs. Potter left New-York last autumn her plan was to study for the stage, leaving the question open whether to adopt it as a profes sion or not; perhaps meaning to be guided by the opinion of her teachers. Studying with the best actors opinion of ner teachers. Studying with the best actors and actresses in Paris is no easy matter. They will not give lessons or help of any kind except to pupils who seem likely to do credit to them. One eminent American actress has discovered this by experience. Her suplications were refused after hearing her read. Mr. Potter was more fortunate. She has read, studied and worked during the whole winter with Madame Arnould Plessy, Mme. Bartin, Mme. Samary and Mme. Laurent, each for her specialty. Mme. Laurent is an actress in the style of piece known at Paris as "drame noir," something between melodrama and tragedy. Mme. Samary is a great favorite at the Thestre Francais, where she renders the lighter, laughing parts in delightful little plays of a kind unknown on the English stage. Mmes. Samary and Laur ent thus represent the extremes of art and both have cordially given Mrs. Potter their best services. Mms. Arnould Pleasy is perhaps the last and certainly the most distinguished representative of the grand school of French acting. While societaire at the Theatre Francais she had no rival and when she retired she left no successor. From the first interview she became intere-ted in Mrs. Potter and offered her every assistance and advice, and explained to her the who scheme and theory of the art. "You have," said Mm Plessy, " the true temperament of an artist. What you, has every real actress, must learn to do is not to learn to play this or that character; but you must learn 'la principles and general methods." Mmc. Plessy method was to take certain plays which delineate cacl some master passion: "Andronaque," the love of a mother for her child; "Phedre," love in the sense of parsion; and "Camille " in "Les Horaces " as the ideal of pure love. All these were Rachel's parts and Mme. Flessy is the possessor of all the stage traditions Mine. Piessy is the possessor of all the stage traditions relating to Rachel and all her stage business. Then they passed to light comedy—such characters as "Celimene," the cojuctte in Moliere's "Misanthrope"; then to modern comedy: "Dona Sol" in "Hernani". and others. "When you have once mastered the entire series," said Mme. Pleasy, "you will have the means of playing rightly all parts." She recommended Mme. Bartet to Mrs. Potter. Mme. Bartet is now the leading actress of the Theatre Francis. I saw her play in Dumas's sparkling new comedy "Francisl-lon" a piece of acting without a flaw, charming, sympathetic and true throughout. "Mme. Bartet," said Mme. Pleasy to Mrs. Potter, "will teach you nothing wrong. She has no mannerisms, is perfect in stage traditions, and has a reason for everything she does. She takes no pupils, but if she sees something in you she may help you." Mme. Bartet did see the requisite something, and has been untiring in her requisite something, and has been untiring in her interest. "I cannot give you lessons," she said, " but we will have "des conferences artistiques" together. So they conferred on "Ruy Bias" and other typics plays, and went together through the stage business and technique. Mme. Bartet's triendly teaching covered both cocal and plastic art, including gesture, entrance and exits, sor all which, moreover, there are

Mme. Bartet, with whom I talked, makes n secret of her belief in Mrs. Potter, saying: "Elle a tout a fait l'allure d'une vraie comedienne. She has," adds M.ne. Bartet, "besides this unmistakable stamp and style of the genuiue actress, a voice which is a treasure and a tace which with all its beautiful extreasure and a 'acc which with all its beautiful expression of candor and simplicity is capable of enotion; yes, of tragedy." Mme. Plessy's testimony is not less declaive. "Adrienne Lecouvreur," said she, "is a role which includes several roles in one. I think Mrs. Potter an ideal "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The last opinion I will cite is that of M. Deiaunay, by common consent the most finished of French actors and for more than a generation the ornament of the and for more than a generation the ornament of the concerning dramatic art. Mrs. l'otter has been reading and acting to M. Delaunay, and this is his verdict "Madame Potter has every quality for the stage. Nature has done everything for her. She has intelli-gence and perseverance that are certain to bring her

I heard many other interesting details, but this may serve as a sketch of the serious study to which our countrywoman has been devoting herself, and of the impression she has made on some of the best actresses now living. You know something already of the in-terest Mrs. Potter excited in Loudon last sur mer. Much might be added. She was so widely known in the best society here that her appearance on the stag will be an event in London as well as in New-York. One secret of the success of American women in Eng-land is their originality, and the enarm which springs from freshness, from individuality and from intellectual quickness. They say brilliant things in a brilliant way and do not feel bound to accept English standards or conform to Eng-hish conventionalities. They have a manner of their own. There is no American of whom all this is more true than it is of Mrs. Potter, and non-whose talk was here thought more delightful in its frank Americanism. Her beauty was everywhere frank Americanism. Her beauty was everywhere admired. People thought it piquant and novel in type and altogether charming. So of her manner. Perhaps no success in London was ever quite so sudden. Her recitations also added greatly to her popularity. London has long been bored with recitations, and the ousness has been overdone both by amateurs and by professionals. Mrs. Potter's style was new, some of her pieces were new her value was thought delicious and pieces were new, her voice was thought delicious and her delivery effective and entirely her own. The Prince of Wales was one of the first to find this out. met her at luncheon with Mrs. Sands, and was delighted and freely expressed his delight the same evening at Sir Coutis Lindsay's party. She became the tashion at once and was asked everywhere. The Princess of Wales twice invited her to stay at Sandringham. During the week which Mrs. 1 otter spent at Cowes—which is the rendezvous for the tashionable world—at the beginning of August she was " the rage."

on her and expected her to recite daily. The Princess arranged a visit for her to Osborne, where the Queen was then staying, but Mrs. Potter was unable to accept

Mr. Robert Browning was one of those who most ad mired her readings. "One day." writes Mr. Browning "she recited to my surprise and pleasure one of my ledge the honor she asked for my autograph. I wanted to write something more than my signature, but there was no time for trying at even a sonnet. So I put down the first lines that occurred to me from a poem, by I know not whom, which I have not seen since I was a boy :

"Toi dont la voix pure et touchante,
Prete a uses rimes leur beauté,
De ma muse reconnoissante,
Recois l'normage merité.
Quand de tes levres de ross
8 cchappe mes vers embells:
0 prodice ! 0 metamorphose!
Je les trouve presque jois."

Among the few to whom Mrs. Potter has confided her purpose to become an actress are the Prince and Princess of Wales. Both were at first surprised, and then, on hearing her reasons, approved them and said that her choice of the protession would make no difference in their regard or social relations. Having seen her book, which you lately reviewed with praise, the Prince told Mrs. Potter that she ought to bring out an English edition. If she would do that, he and the Princess would accept the dedication of the book. This suggestion, I believe, Mrs. Potter intends to carry out, if the copyright difficulties can be smoothed away this also the Prince offered his aid, and he and the Princess both assured her that they would hadly do all they could to promote her success it she ap-

peared on the London stage.

Mrs. Potter's plans ge further than the resolve above announced. She Las decided to act in America nex sutumn, opening in New-York. Proposals from different managers have been for some time under consideration. Three have submitted offers on the strength of rumors of Mrs. Potter's intentions, one of them last year, but none has yet been accepted. Negotiations are going on also for a short season in London the coming spring or summer. Whether Mrs. Potter finally decides to appear in London first or not, her American plans will remain the same. She will certainly open in

New-York next October or November.

At present she is living in a pleasant apartment at Versailles, close to the palace, with her mother, Mrs. Urquhart, and her sister. She goes into Paris daily to, her conferences. It she accepts no Lundon engagement this season she will pursue her studies during the summer. Nothing is settled respecting her repertoire but her choice is wide. Her French teachers think almost anything in comedy or drama is open to her Her own ambition is ultimately to appear in the English classic drama, but she probably will begin with some familiar modern role, perhaps "Adrienne Lecouvreur," or "Claire" in the English version of Ohnet's "Le Maitre de Forges," here called "The Ironmaster." She has a pretty play still untranslated which she bought from the Odeon Theatre. If Dumas' "Francillon" is brought out in London she may play the beroine of that piece. It will not be an easy one to adapt for the English stage.

During my visit Mrs. Potter talked freely, putting

no restraint on herselt and imposing none on me, leav-ing to my discretion what I should repeat. It I have repeated anything that ought not to be printed the fault is mine, not here. What I have said of her London celebrity does not come from her. I should be glad indeed to print much more, so tull was her conversation of sincere enthusiasm, of admirable insight into art and of just appreciation of her new profession, with its perils, its difficulties and its brilliant oppor-tunities. But my mission is ended if I have made clear the circumstances under which this gitted and cultured American lady is about to face the footlights.

THE FINEST VIEW IN THE CITY.

AN OBSERVATORY ON THE WASHINGTON BUILDING

301 FEET FROM THE GROUND. The well-known Washington Building, at Broadway, Battery place and Greenwich st., has grown from an infant of only eight stories high to a full growth, so to speak, of twelve stories, and all within a comparatively short time. Having reached manhood the building is now taking in a stock of tall hats, as it were, by the section of three large towers on the roof. The middle and largest tower has puzzled people somewhat by its odd appearance, for in the process of construction it looks something like a balloon-shaped cage with a human-like figure inside. But it is an observation tower which with the other towers will be finished by the first of April. It is said that when Henry Irving was here last, after arriving at his hotel trom his voyage he took the first opportunity to climb to the top of Cyrus W. Field's building, to enjoy the view from it, which he had heard of in England. When the observatory is finished, it is said that the view from it of the bay and surrounding country will surpass that from any other place in the city. This new home for the winds is set on a large bell-shaped base and altogether it looks like a huge inverted bell. A flag staff, fifty feet high, runs through the top of the curbstone is 301 feet. The tower is about fifty feet high and fourteen teet in diameter, and its highest point of observation is 235 feet above the curbstone. A short time. Having reached manhood the building is

stone is 301 feet. The tower is about fifty feet high and fourteen teet in diameter, and its highest point of observation is 235 feet above the curbstone. A pronuenade runs around the base of the observatory and it is reached by winding stairs.

The other two towers are considerably smaller. One is on the Battery place and Greenwichst, corner of the building, and the distance from its too to the ground is 195 feet. This tower is to be used for various culinary purposes. A year and a halt ago 425 Mexican newspaper men and members of the Press Club of this city were entertained at a luncheon on the top of the building, then eight stories high. In the summer the space between the culinary tower and the observatory will be covered with canvas and dinners will be given there.

The entire distance from the top of the flag-pole on The chairs as a large transition of the observatory to the curbstone. 301 feet, is five feet the observatory to the curbstone from the highest part of the Bartholdi Statue to the high tide level. The top of the Bartholdi Statue to the high tide level. The top of the bart 286 feet from the if Statue to the high tide level. The top of the Trinity Church is about 286 feet from the while the tower on the Produce Exchange is not quite as high.

ADA REHAN.

HOW SHE JOINED MR, DALY'S COMPANY.

Mr. Daly's company is at present unusually com-plete, and as regards the actors is almost a double one Thus Mr. Fisher and Mr. Leclereq, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Drew and Mr. Skinner, Mr. Holland and Mr. Bond, Mr. Wood and Mr. Wilks tall naturally ar. Gilbert, Mr. Drew and Mr. Skinner, Mr. Holland and Mr. Bond, Mr. Wood and Mr. Wilks tall naturally into pairs. The teminine portion of the company includes Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Rose Eytinge, Miss Dreher, Miss St. Quentin, May Irwin and Jean Gordon. Nearly all of these have grown up under Mr. Daly's tatelago, all are engaged for a term of years, and all are at home now only in Mr. Daly's theatre. Miss Rehan was first seen by Mr. Daly while supporting Albaugh in Albany and he then made a note of her promise. When he took his present theatre and was organizing his company he made her an ofter. She was then playing in Baltimore as "Hobe" in "Pinafore. "She had, however, by her performances with Mrs. Drew and McCuilough attracted Edwin Booth's attention and he also made her an ofter. He was too late, for she had already signed with Mr. Daly. From that time on her career is known to every New-York theatre-goer.

It was said recently by one who knew her years ago that Miss Rehan was the most unconsciously girlish actress who was ever on the stage. They used to tease her then because, having to allude to her wedding ring finger, she stopped the rehearsal to ask gravely, which finger it was. There is still a naivete about Miss Rehan when she is off the stage which makes one readily understand her success in such parts as "Jenny O'Jones." Her first appearance on the stage was made when she was only thirteen or fourteen years oid and was almost an accident. Her sister Kate, who is Mrs. Oliver Doud Byron, and she went over to Newsrk where Byron was playing one alternoon. One of the company was suddenly taken ill, and, no one being at hand to fill the vacancy, little Ada was dressed up, her hair was powdered, and she played an old woman's part with credit. It may be mentioned that Miss Rehan's other sister is Hattue Russell, and the two made their first appearance in Mr. Daly's "Leah" at Niblo's when Kate Bateman played it.

Miss Rehan's other sister is Hattue Russell, and the two made their first appearance of

A CREMATION IN ASIA.

From The St. James's Gazette.

There is a movement on the part of the spectators shifting to windward; and a certain European who was sheltering from the sun behind a stone obalisque hard by, is warned to get further out of the way of the smoke, which a native, with a grin and a very significant gesture, intimates to be trying to the olfactory nerves. In the dry air and sultry weather the wood eathers first. A thicker steam rises out of the coffin and mixes with the thin blue smoke. There have been smiles and laughter on the part of the company—humbering hardly over half a dozen—both during the tucking-up process and afterward; but the laugh is not malicious; it can hardly be called irreverent. It is the laugh of men who know no harm in it. Meanwhile the fire grows hotter. With the dense steam risurg out of the coffin there begin to be mixed tongues of flame. An attendant bales water in a small tim can out of the bucket placed near the altar, and sprinkles it freely trom time to time over the inside and outside of the burning box. After each bardism there is a dull plackness within and on angry vapor rising out of

what is there. And now, as the heat grows mor intense, a charred foot rises above the edge of the coffin and slowly stretches itself up into the red flames. The knee joint is unbending itself as some unseen and smouldering muscle contracts. But now the sides and sends of the plank box cannot surely hold out much longer.

The fire looks fierce enough to melt an iron cage, and yet the wood only cracks and hisses, while there is an ugiy splattering and gurgling noise inside. At last it bursts, but only gradually. The empty end, where the feet were, gives way first; and then through the open chasm you can see the poor shrivelled legs, with only a remnant of black fiesh over the shin bones, which point upward in different directions. The teet have still their natural shape; but they are black and ghastly, blotched with a leprous, bubbly white. Then the other end falls out, and the skull hangs down into the glowing embers. Wondertully human it is still, with the face even now retaining much of its flesh and almost its complete features. It is strange to see the blackened countenance so calmly looking down into the seething sea of fire beneati and around it. And still it stares, though gradually becoming more ghastly and indistinct. Long ago most of the spectators have departed, tired of a useless waste of time. Hardly one remains to rake the scattering bones together, which in two short hours from the time when the fire was kindled will have been reduced to blackened cinders, weighing a few onness only, and scarcely recognizable from the ashes of the burned sticks. All is over. The fire looks fierce enough to melt an iron cage,

GLANCES AT MEN IN PASSING

HINTS OF THEIR HABITS, LOOKS AND WAYS Robert Garrett, of the Baltimere and Ohio Railroad, is to be seen often of tate about the Hoftman House where he comes to meet E. S. Stokes. His muttoncho; side whiskers and English cut walking suit of gray color give him the appearance of a Londoner, but give him the appearance of a Londouer, but a moment's conversation with him will convince any one that he is decidedly American in his methods of business. He is a keen questioner, a good listener, if his companions have anything valuable to say, but shows an intensely cold shoulder for the average man who wants to speak with him in order that he may say to his acquaintances that he knows Mr. Garrett. It is rumored that Mr. Garrett has on hand a great scheme for up-town offices for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and telegraph companies, and that he intends soon to have such an establishment on Madison Square.

The statue of General Robert E. Lee at New-Orlean has been much spoken or. It was conceived and executed by Alexander Doyle, who has a studio in this ecuted by Alexander Doyle, who has a studio in this city. He is a youn, man of perhaps thirty-two, with an inclination to chubbiness in figure. His well-rounded checks have a light complexion, with which his light-colored mustache and yellowish-brown hair are in harmony. His forehead is surmounted with a "cow lick," which makes him appear like a German student. The sculptor has just finished and sent to the foundry to be east in bronze a statue of General James B. Steedman, which is to be set up at Toledo in memory of the soldier who is known in northwestern Ohio B. Steedman, which is to be set up at Tolede in memory of the soldier who is known in northwestern Jhio as the hero of Chickamauga, where he fought under General Thomas. Steedman was the General of whom this story is told: As he rode into battle a courade at his side said to him: "It is pretty hot in there General. Possibly we may not return alive. It you fall and I survive have you any word or message?" The old war-horse, without the least sign of feeling, replied: "It I should tall, please see that my name is spelled right in the newspapers." Mr. Doyle has received within a few days an order for the statue of Garfield, which is to be placed above the late President's tomb at Cleveland, and is now engaged in preparing that work. preparing that work.

J. W. Frazier is a New-Yorker who makes a busines of buying and selling all sorts of firearms. He has followed this trade for more than thirty years, dunrig tollowed this trade for more than thirty years, dunrig which time he has amassed a fortune and lost one or two. He is connected with the Spencer Arms Company and the Lee Rifle Company, and sold many guns to the United States Government in the war of the Rebellion. Mr. Frazier is a man much below medium size, wears a full, sandy beard, and has suffered at some time or another from a paralytic stroke which has affected his limbs. They are so weak under his stout body that he sways to and fro as he moves along. He since it is invariably to be found as a bidder at acction sales of the Government. He secured nearly all the property that was disposed of after the return of the Greely expedition, including the far garments, sleds, skins and perminican. The ordinary dealer in his line is known in New-York by the nickname of a sleds, skins and pennican. The ordinary dealer is his line is known in New-York by the nickname of a "junker"; but when a man has made a quarter of a milition dollars in such dealings he may be counted above such a title.

At the banquet of the Young Republican Club Chauncey M. Depew, Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, and Governor Louisbury, of Connecticut, were seated and Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, were seated at the guest table in the order named. Governor Lounsbury, who was a Methodist preacher before he became a shoe manufacturer and bank president, made the prayer with which the banquet was opened. Mr. Depew came in late. As he seated himself one of the members of the club remarked: "Depew ought to have the seat occupied by Governor Oglesby. It is always desirable to bring the pulpit and De-pew in close relations."

\$ Colonel A. L. Conger, who has recently returned from Europe, tells a story of his experiences at Rome in seeking for information as to the relative condition of the people in Italy and America. He found a back-driver who had spent a number of years in this country, the man replied with thoughtful soberness: "I think it ended in America."

The appearance in literature of General John C. Fremont, the " l'athfinder," recalls an meident relating to Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont and a characteristic interview which she had with President Liucoln. It occurred early in the war when General Fremont had command of a large torce in Missouri and an effort was made to place General Frank Blair in command of half of them. Mrs. Fremont hurried to Washington to prevent this division of her husband's forces. She called upon the President with whom she had an exciting interview. It was not satisfactory to her and, raising her hands in a dramatically threatening manner, she earld: "Beware, Mr. Lincoln, we make Presidents." Mr. Lincoln was writing at his desk as he listened to her declaration. Without stopping the motion of his pen he replied with that grim humor for which he was so famous: "Pretty poor things, I guess." to Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont and a characteristic

A striking man of small figure is the Rev. Dr. Georg S. Mallory, who with his brother furnished the capital for the Madison Square Theatre and opened it with for the Madison Square Theatre and opened it with Steele Mackaye as manager. Dr. Mallory was educated at Trimity College. He has gained a reputation in this city as a keen and able "all round" business man. His figure is plump and his manner dignified. He has a massive head with a big square forehead and a square-cut face tringed with a small tutt of side-whiskers. He wears always a closely buttoned double-breasted Prince Albert coat and as he sometimes thrusts his hand between the buttous presents the attitude which has been made familiar by the portraits of Stephen A. Douglas, "hom he somewhat resembles.

A fortunate New-Yorker who has made money in a specialty is Charles L. Ritzmann, who began in 1879 to collect portraits and photographs of prominent perto collect portraits and photographs of prominent persons in social, religious, theatrical and public life. The trst collection which hung in his show window comprised five photographs. To-day he has more than 75,000, the collection being worth between fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars. The market value of the photographs ranges from 25 cents to \$10 each. As an instance of the extensive variety it may be noted that he has 350 different poses of Ellen Terry and more than 250 of Mrs. Langtry. Mr. Ritzmann owns several apartment houses in Ninth and Teath aves. He is a slender man with a lean face, blond mustache and shock of yellowish-brown hair.

Albert Bierstadt, the landscape painter, has begun series of representations of Niagara Falls upon a somewhat different method of artistic treatment from that what different method of artistic treatment from that generally adopted by artists in depicting its grandeur. In his view the falls are too large and grand to be properly produced as a whole on anything soort of a mammoth canvas which no painter would care to undertake. He made a number of studies there last summer of parts of the falls which he is painting separately. Thus one of his completed pictures gives the noted Horse Shoe Falls without any reference to the other surroundings.

A prosperous manufacturer whose bolt and nut works are located at Newport, Kentucky, is Colonel L. M. Dayton, who was a stad officer of the Army of the works are located at Newport, Kentucky, is Colonel L. M. Dayton, who was a stad officer of the Army of the Cumberland at a accompanied Sherman on his march to the sea. In appearance Colonel Dayton researched to the sea. In appearance Colonel Dayton researched Louis Napoleon of France with his heavy french face and large black mustache and goatee. He has been a guest at the Gilsey House for several days. He was reported to know something of the ron fields in the Gogelie range in Wisconsin. An inquiry in that direction drew out this reply: "The one toing I know about that region is that in the Gogelie Lake the fishing is simply magnificent. I have an axiom about this remained and fish stories that I shall have to give you before I dare say anything about my experience on that delightful body of water. My axiom is that all fishermen are liars but not all hars are fishermen. The principal sport on Gogelie Lake is trolling for muscalouge and bass. I have caught muscalonge that weighed eighteen pounds, and the base range all the way up to five and six pounds. It caught a black bass there that weighed five pounds. In one afternoon's syort which extended over four hours we caught forty-seven muscalonge and so many bass that we did not count them. It was on the Gogelie Lake that I had an experience with a muscalonge which I think was the largest fish of its kind I ever encountered. Of course he got away, as all hig fish do. This tellow struck my fly when I had about 250 teet of line out. You may know that he was hig and powerful from the fact that as he came up out of the water he lifted the entire 250 teet of line out of the kind I when the largest fish of its clin. If the iron is as good as the tishing, the Gogelie range stands at the top of the heap."

KOREA'S ROYAL FAMILY.

A TALK WITH A CHARMING QUEEN. SEOUL, Korea, Oct. 15, 1886. I paid a visit to the palace yesterday, and had as

interview with the King, Queen, and Prince. A queso (soldier) came from the palace, with an invitation which is, in truth, more a command than a request. The gate we entered on reaching the grounds, although not the large front gate, was pre-tentious; like all the others, it had on the roof, tosque little images, part man and part animal. These are seated or kneeling in all sorts of postures, ranged in Indian file, and are said to have placed there to protect the palace against evil spirits. We left our cnairs at the gate, and excerted by our queso and two Koreans walked through what seemed much like our Southern pasture grounds, with here and there a clump of trees, and now and then a narrow foot-path, winding away to some queer-looking building. At last we passed through a small gate into an inclosure, and saw before us a beautiful building on an island in the midst of a lotus pond. It was what is called the "Summer Palace," and is said to have but one rival in all the lund, as far as architectural beauty is concerned. We were conducted to the upper part of the building, where the gueste were assembled, and I found myself in the present the King, Queen, and Prince.

After I had made three bows (the required number in Kores) and had been introduced, by the interpreter, to the Royal family as the wife of the great American doctor " Hay " (these Koreans only use the first syllable of one's name), the Queen said she was glad to see me, and was sorry she did not see me on my previous visit to the palace. She was also sorry that the invitations had been sent on so late, for she did not understand American customs, and she hoped we would excuse her, In the course of conversation I told her that I had a baby born in Korea, and that my mother thought I ought to call her " Korea " after the country of her birth. She seemed very much pleased, and asked if my baby was well. I told her that she had been vaccinated, and had been feverish and ill in consequence. Then she asked if we had all been vaccinated

when we were children, and many other questions Her Majesty is a delicate-looking little woman, with very glossy black hair, parted in the middle and done up in a loop on the back of her neck. She was dressed in dark Korean silk, quitted very beautifully and she was almost without orus ments. She is a perfectly refined lady, easy and unaffected in her manner. She showed great sacs and skill in conducting the conversation with us all. She is not pretty, but has fine eyes and her

The King is a fine-looking man. Although he les the Queen do most of the talking on this occasion, he would sometimes put in a word or two; he seemed greatly pleased with his tittle Queen and often laughed at what she said. The Prince is a nice boy and looked much more healthy than I expected after what I had heard of him.

The King, Queen and Prince each stood behind a

table covered with a tapestry rug, and a candle, in a silver candlestick, berned before each of them. The floor of the room was covered with a tapestry carpet from Japan, and that was all the furniture I saw in the room. After we had spent some time talking with her Majesty, she told us that she had ordered a little foreign food for us; she hoped we would find it agreeable, but she feered not, as she did not understand about American food.

We were then taken out into the banqueting hall, where we found Dr. Heron, Judge Denney and many Korean officials and nobles. We were seated at a long table, set in foreign fashion. I could not understand what made every viand seem se familiar to me, until I examined more carefully; then I discovered that every thing on the table had been made after my own recipes. There was a great quantity of little cakes that I often have for afternoon tea because they are so very plain and mexpensive. There were doughnuts, too, and many other evidences of my own economy in cocking. They did look so out of place in the palace of a King! When the meats and salads began to come on, they were also " à la Mrs. Heron," and the mystery was not fully explained until I discovered the head of our old cook peering through the window and smiling and bowing to me in a delighted way.

After dinner we sat on the balcony and enjoyed the soft twilight, as it crept down from the top of the overhanging mountains to the brink of the royal cover of fragrant pink lotuses and immense green leaves, which are often two feet in diameter. These lotus blossoms are fit to deck the palace of any King. They are like pond-lilies, only that they are much larger than a dinner plate. They do not lie on the water as pond-titles do, but stand up on stems, grand and tall above their leaves. As we sat there the Korean band discoursed strange, wiord music, and trained dancers gave us their two most celebrated performances—the butterfly and the sword dance. The Koreans are a dignified people, and none of the higher class, would think of dancing; they have low-class girls and boys to do their dancing for them. These two dances were very beautiful. The sword dance represents warriors fighting to the music, in perfect time and in the most graceful and animated fashion. The hutterfly dance represents the graceful, floating movements of the butterfly, and the six boys whe took part in it had butterflies embroidered on their long robes. Their large flowing sheves are sheet a foot and a half too long and are made of very bright colors, to represent the butterflies' wings. The boys keep their arms spread out all the time they are dancing or floating about, and the effect is wonderfully beautiful. After this there was a grand display of fireworks, but we were much too near tempor than. Presently we said "good night," and with a guard of fifteen soldiers our chairs were carried through the dark and deserted streets. As each soldier, however, carried a large, red efficial lantern, we had all the light we needed, and the procession must have made a strange picture in the midst of the darkness. do their dancing for them. These two dances were

ONE OF THE COSTLIEST OF TRUCKLOADS. THE NOTED STEWART MEISSONIER TAKEN FROM THE BIG MARBLE MANSION.

The work of moving the A. T. Stewart gallery of saintings, sculpture and other art objects was pushed paintings, sculpture and other art objects was pushed last week with considerable vigor. The noted \$60,000 Meissonier, "1807," had an entire truck to itselt, and guaded from all possible contingencies by a score of men, moved slowly down Fifth-ave, and was taken into the American Art Galleries and deposited in safety against the east wall. Not till then did Contractor Budworth, who has the work in hand, breather treely.

safety against the east wall. Not till then did Contractor Budworth, who has the work in hand, breaths freely.

"That's a weight off my mind," said he. "I never moved so much property at one toad before. The thought of what the consequences might be, of a colision or a runaway or a malicious attempt un the part of some crank to do the painting a machief, has kept me in a nervous quiver for the last hour."

All the important pictures have now been removed, not more than one truckload of the smaller paintings remaining. The work of re-hanging them at the Art Galleries was begun on Thursday. Little, progress, however, was made owing to the difficulty in getting the property belonging to the Graves collection, sold there in the former part of the week, out of the way. A load or two of carefully packed brouzes and brisable furniture still remains.

It has been found that the enormous weight of most of the heavy marble statuary and of the huge onyx clock, which stands in the main hall, will prevent their being moved before being sold. Some of these massive pieces weigh as much as three tons, and the difficulty of moving them is of course much enhanced by the imminent danger of breakage. It has been decided therefore to exhibit photographs only of them at the sale, and intending purchasers to whom they are not already well known can inspect them at the mansion where they now stand upon obtaining an order to helghten the effect.

Subscriptions for the illústratef catalogue keep coming in; the work will be ready this week.

A BOSTON ARTIST.

Have been told, within half an hoar, of a poor fellow who died a tew days sgo after a few years of bitter experience in trying to keep the wolf away from the toor of his miscrable attic room. Not long before he died, a tenant on the ground floor of the same building received a confession from his lips that he had astually become so weakened by lack of food that he could hardly climb the stairs to six studio. He saked permission to come in and rest for a short time on the lower floor before making the attempt. Not long afterward, weary and worn out by the struggle because of the saked permission, he died.